Thoughts in Verse and Prose

Walter Bissinger

Class PS 3503

Book .I 82T4

Copyright No. 1904

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Thoughts in Verse and Prose

Walter Bissinger

THE NET RECEIPTS FROM THE SALE OF THIS LIMITED EDITION (SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES, OF WHICH THIS IS NUMBER 124 ,) WILL BE GIVEN TO THE IROQUOIS MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION FUND

Thoughts
In Verse and Prose

Walter Bissinger

Chicago
Toby Rubovits
1904

Contents

Preface . . . . . .
Biography 1
Walter 7
The Snow 11
The Day of Life 12
Nature 15
The Sun 16
Sunrise 17
Sunset 18
Twilight 19
The Moon 20
The Stars 21
Night 22
The Return of Spring 23
Summer 24
Autumn 25
Winter 26
To a Wild Rose 31
Fallen Leaves 33
To a Water Lily 34
The Elm and the Rose 35
In Meadows Green 37
The Brooklet in the Wood 38
The Battle of the Waves 39

The River's Destination 41
The Wisconsin River 42
Farewell to Tower Hill 43
Night in the City 44
The Wind 45
Address to Burns 46
Have a Thought 47
Thanksgiving Day 48
Letter to a Boy Friend 49
A Review of "Ode to the West Wind," *by Shelley* 51
A Review of "Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni" 53
A Review of "Break, Break, Break," *by Tennyson* 54
A Review of "Some Time," *by Eugene Field* . 55
A Review of "Lives of the Hunted," *by Ernest Thompson Seton* 56
Spring 60
The Picture of the "Glass Blower" 61
Thoughts at a Wedding 62
Patriotism—Essay 63
Valedictory Address 66
Theseus—A Play 69
The Spring at Eagle Rock 77

Preface

MONG the many young lives that were swept to their premature end by the cruel flames in the Iroquois Theatre catastrophe, was also that of Walter Bissinger.

In his death his nearest of kin lost a lovable member of the home circle, and the world a singer of rare qualities.

The promise of a larger fame among the greater bards, whose songs have cheered pilgriming mankind on the path of upward tending, was richly foreshadowed in the notes which from early childhood his tender fingers drew from the lyre of his love-filled heart.

Those who knew him best, his parents and teachers, have thought it wise to collect the scattered leaves of Walter's songs, and by publishing them in permanent form erect a fitting monument to the memory of the young poet.

Though the deeper experience which life alone brings is lacking in these stanzas, they thrill with a genuine sympathy with the moods of the sky and the sea, the mountain and the mead.

As might be expected in one so young, the dominant is lyrical, vibrating with the impressions made upon his soul by the winds and waves. Whatever may be the crudities of phraseology or

meter, these lines show spontaneity of sentiment. They are not the painful outcome of studied efforts, but the glad outburst of a candid heart rejoicing in the beauties filling garden and heath.

In some of these songs the uncertain and indefinite hesitancy of youth is absent, and they might with ease pass for the productions of a mature mind. Others again reveal the faltering grasp of the child. But as they are of unequal quality, they possess a charm reflective of the rare beauty of the young songster's pure soul.

May they speak the softening message of hope to the saddened friends upon whom the frightful hour of his death has laid so heavy a burden. The soul that sang them is not silent.

EMIL G. HIRSCH.

Chicago, February 18, 1904.

Biography

Biography

Dear Mamma, I wish you a birthday bright,
A birthday full of cheer,
And I'll try to be good
And do what is right,
And congratulate you, my dear.

THIS little rhyme from the pen of an eight-year-old was attached to a nosegay and given by Walter to his mother on her birthday in 1897.

From babyhood Walter was the most winsome, most loving, most considerate of laddies. His big brown eyes looked wonderingly at the loving faces all about him, never knowing that the love and friendliness he saw there were but the reflections of his own dear loving heart.

Walter Bissinger was born in Chicago, October 15th, 1888. He was trained in the public schools from the kindergarten up through the eighth grade, after which he attended the Morgan Park Academy, Illinois, one year, and then went to the Howe Military School at Lima, Indiana, where he was in attendance at the time of his death, which he met in the Iroquois Theatre disaster, December 30th, 1903.

Walter was not a robust boy, and so during his school life he lost two years of work, yet he

little needed special effort in school work, for he was a child apart, who learned at nature's knee of the great beauties and wonders of the universe. He marvelled at the glory and the beauty of the sun, the stars, the night. He gloried in the beauty of the violet, the lily and the rose. His was a rare poet soul, and he sang the sweet thoughts of his heart out to the world, to those about him, adding beauty and fragrance and love where'er he was, sending forth most of his lyrics between the ages of eleven and fourteen.

The greatest love was lavished upon him by his classmates, who were never willing to have him disciplined for whispering or tardiness. They would have suffered willingly for him and borne all his troubles gladly.

He had a keen sense of humor, and whenever he expressed his appreciation of fun the children laughed with him, so cheerily and happily and lovingly, it was as if they said with one voice, "We love you, Walter, we love you, Walter."

He was ever a close appreciative observer of Nature's moods. In a letter to his mother, during one of his summer vacations, he writes: "The distant verdure clad hills form a beautiful background to the broad Wisconsin River, which winds gracefully in and out among many little islands;" and in the same letter he speaks in detail of the varied flowers and birds he has seen in this one stroll. He adds, with gentle humor: "There are also some very fierce and dangerous

wild animals here, commonly known as rabbits and squirrels."

His sister wrote to his mother: "I never knew how sweet Walter was until his cat was hurt one day. He came up and told me about it, with his brown eyes filled with tears. He was much agitated, and bathed the kitten and cared for it tenderly until it died."

In another letter he writes humorously to his mother as "Supreme Lord of the Dishwashing, Imperial Ruler of the Letter Writing, and Royal Shah of the Seed Planting."

During a summer vacation at Tower Hill he edited a newspaper, which was so much sought after by the old and young that they were willing to pay any price for the interesting and clever budget, but Walter charged one cent per reader most impartially.

Walter loved fun and merriment and sunshine, but he was most deeply touched by the sorrow of others.

He wrote these gentle loving thoughts to his boy cousin, Jack Pottlitzer, who lost his mother in 1903. (Jack also perished in the Iroquois disaster.)

"I know there is no consolation for the loss of so good and dear a friend as a mother, and I presume that things seem lonesome and dreary to you now.

"Everyone has his griefs and sorrows, and though yours is one of the greatest, I hope you will have the patience and courage to bear it

bravely, and so be a comfort to your father. I hope that you will so let your dear mother live in your thought and your love and your deed, that you may grow up to manhood cheerfully and earnestly."

As we know of the beauty and sweetness of this young life that spent so brief, but so fragrant and rich a period here on earth, we cannot but realize that he walked and talked with God; that he, a child of sunshine, was a chosen one. He wrought mightily for gentle living and harmony, and when he died he was encircled by loving arms, and received into the hereafter with welcome. Thou noblest, truest, gentlest and best of children!

HARRIETTE TAYLOR TREADWELL*

Chicago, Feb. 23, 1904.

*His English Teacher at the Forrestville School.

Walter

Quietly pulsed, the friend of growing things,
Companioned by the loveliness of earth
He walked, and was not lonely. The still
night,
The subtle influence of the wind and
flowers
And star gleam and stirring of the
Spring,
The fall of silver waters in the sun,
Wrought in his blood a quickening and
a peace.
The mystic Mother fed him with her dews
And breathed upon him—breath of
the holy God
That stirs the burgeoning of the poet's
soul.
His eyes were filled with brimming
sweet of dreams.
All high thoughts came to minister
gentle love,
Fair courtliness and the desire of truth.
We live but dully through the years,
but he
With vivid heart, intensely his small
cup
Of exquisite life poured forth, and
passed to rest.

FLORENCE KIPER.

Chicago, February 20, 1904.

Thoughts in Verse and Prose

The Snow

Little white diamonds
  Falling from the sky,
Little white diamonds
  Coming from so high.

Little white diamonds
  Lying on the ground,
Little white diamonds
  Where were you found?

We came from a cloud
  Up so very high,
Little white diamonds
  Falling from the sky.

Written at the age of seven.

The Day of Life

Dawn

I

When the glorious Aurora
  Ushers in the busy day,
She commands all gloomy darkness
  From the earth to go away.

II

So, in our youth, Joy commandeth,
  "Cares and Sorrows, scatter far;"
Pleasure, then, supremely reigneth
  And thinks but of the things that are.

III

So a glorious preparation
  For our lifetime is begun;
Till we rise to graver duties,
  Less important deeds are done.

Morning

IV

Then as the sunbeam's glow grows brighter,
  Bringing hope and higher thought
To the growing soul of childhood,
  Fortune and fame are bravely sought.

V

Thus, as in the growing morning
When Fortune's rude ladder we do climb,
The glorious life-light ever brighter
Groweth in the soul of Time.

VI

Manhood's far-reaching aspirations
Lead man on unto the height
Where he can stop and restive, thinking,
Say to his soul, "I have done aright."

Noon

VII

Then, when he has climbed the ladder
Unto good or evil haunts,
If good, let not false pride o'ertake him,
Lest he forget his fellow's wants.

VIII

This is the sun when he is brightest;
He opens wide his sunny portals,
And gives his welcome, warming sunbeams
To the grateful earthly mortals.

Afternoon

IX

Then, as Life's noon slowly darkens,
We think of Rest, that gracious being;
After our busy lifetime struggle,
We slowly find our time is fleeing.

X

We recollect our childhood's pleasure,
And all the deeds of our brave youth,
Manhood's ambitions and the treasure
We found at last in love and truth.

Evening

XI

As Life's evening comes upon us,
We retire to home and rest;
Then, our very greatest wish is,
"May our old age with peace be blest."

XII

As the sun is slowly sinking,
'Neath the horizon of our life,
Death slowly comes and gently leads us
Unto peace from the world's strife.

Nature

Nature shows to man in many ways
How she combineth gentleness and might;
Beside the mighty mountain peak, she lays
The peaceful river; and all through the night,
The moon doth shed her soft and gentle rays
Upon the grand, the awe-inspiring height.

The Sun

O, glory bright, thou great celestial sphere,
Fair Nature's clock art thou, the king of day;
You shed your winged light, grand heav'nly ray,
Till night with all her fairy train, is here;
Inspiring to the savage, awful fear,
You grace with smiles the pearl of Nature, may
You waken all the buds and flowers gay
Until they rest upon a leafy bier.
The greatest virtue ever is thy crown,
Grand, splendrous and mystic as thou art;
O, wondrous orb of glory ever true
To Man and Nature, in a leafy gown
You robe the trees, and greet the flower's heart
With rays of splendor from calm heaven's blue.

Sunrise

I

'Tis night's calm solitude; the moon of pearl,
Like some celestial, lovely shepherd girl,
Doth watch fore'er her flock of golden spheres,—
God's emblem of his glory through the years.

II

When lo! from out the east, a mellow ray
Blends with the quiet gloom of night's calm sway,
Until Aurora, beautiful and fair,
The passage for Apollo doth prepare.

III

The stars to insignificance do fade
When mighty Phoebus in a gown arrayed,
That sheds its wondrous radiance far and wide,
Upon his pathway glorious doth ride.

IV

In chariot of crimson and of gold,
Drawn by his steeds so fiery and bold,
The king of day doth greet with splendrous pow'r,
The heart of man, of bird and beast and flow'r.

V

Thus sunrise is to us; but in the vast
And boundless universe e'er unsurpassed,
It is as naught, but so God's love and might,
That he doth give this joy to human sight.

Sunset

When day doth fade to evening calm,
Sublime and fair with graceful balm,
A king doth lower 'neath the hills—
The orb of day,
In flaming chariot of fire,
The splendor rising high and higher,
Until the air with glory fills;
A splendrous ray,
'Bove the horizon flames and darts,
Then day with beauteous sunlight parts,
And its grand glory lives no more;
"The king is dead,"—
Long live the queen of night so fair,
With pearl adorning heaven's air,
While we her beauty do adore,
High overhead.

Twilight

Blending with the day's bright colors,
  Harmony and slumber breathing,
Comes the wondrous charm of evening,
  Pensiveness the soul is wreathing.

In the western sky, the royal
  Sun beneath the hills is sinking,
In his grand and splendrous chariot,
  While the mind is calmly thinking;

Thinking of the myriad figures
  That are in the heavens glowing;
Thinking of the forms and fancies
  That the radiance is showing;

While the sun, with shades celestial,
  Through the fleecy clouds is gleaming,
Tinting every airy vapor
  With a glow beyond all dreaming;

Painting radiance transparent,
  Drawing shapes that know not number,
Fairies of the gentle evening,
  Dreams of angels in their slumber.

The Moon

Above the fleecy clouds, the crescent fair
Seems smiling through a mist of tears, and where
She sheds a radiance upon the skies,
A mellow glow within the heaven lies;
A shepherd maiden of celestial air,
Her golden flock she guards with faithful care,
And 'neath her gentle ray, the earth doth wear
A calm and lovely smile when she doth rise
Above the fleecy clouds.

Her rays do penetrate the tiger's lair
In the wild jungle, and the darkness there
Is turned to mellow light that lulls the eyes
No less the tiger's and its fierce allies
Than evening fairies in their starry chair
Above the fleecy clouds.

The Stars

In heaven's azure dome, the stars of gold
Like mighty warriors, glorious and bold,
In mail magnificent do grace the night
With crowns and halos of celestial light;
Resplendent armor clads them as of old,
And gold majestic doth the stars enfold;
Grand Sirius doth his ancient glory hold,
While Mars is shining from his splendrous height
In heaven's azure dome.

And while our sphere has ever onward rolled,
Inhabited by man from Arctic cold
To tropic heat, the stars of golden white,
Like warriors, shone in radiance and might,
Of glorious and of resplendent mould,
In heaven's azure dome.

Night

I

The calm and quiet night succeeds
The busy, merry day;
She brings the moon and shining stars
That shed their mellow ray.

II

She lies above the fleecy clouds,
And with a mystic sweep,
She gradually the earth enshrouds
In quietude and sleep.

III

And with the coming of the dawn,
She slowly glides away;
So when the quiet night is gone
We welcome back the day.

The Return of Spring

I

When flowers of May, in bright array,
  Do raise their nodding heads,
When azure skies delight the eyes
  And green the meadow spreads,
We know at last, that Winter's blast
  Has given way to Spring,
Who now doth call the flowers all
  And bids their sweet bells ring.

II

When a lulling breeze, o'er lands and seas,
  Doth wend its soothing way;
When lovely flowers do grace Spring's bowers,
  And birds sing forth their lay;
And when 'tis true that Heaven's blue
  Joy to our hearts doth bring,
When Winter parts, with joyful hearts,
  We gayly welcome Spring.

Summer

High in the forest trees
Rocked by the gentle breeze,
Birds are awaiting the season of mirth;
Singing so merrily,
Sweetly and airily,
Wishing for summer to rule o'er the earth.

Summer when flowers fair
Perfume the sunny air,
And when the glorious, light-giving sun—
Faithful and dutiful,
Wakes flowers beautiful,
Welcoming happily each lovely one.

Summer, when Hurricane
Raps on the window-pane,
Lightning flashing his sword in the skies,
Storm raging fearfully,
Clouds weeping tearfully,
Bursting to tears from their delicate eyes.

Autumn

Gazing at the distant landscape,
While the sun sinks low and lower
'Neath the ruddy hills of Autumn—
'Neath October's purple foliage—
In the far-off, hazy distance,
Flecked with shadow and with image
Of the evening's lulling spirit,
Gliding through the soul so gently,
Bringing back the old-time mem'ries;
Looking forward to the future,
Looking to the time when Nature,
In a gown of deepest mourning
Weepeth for her leaves and flowers,
Now so lovely and so glowing
In their wondrous Autumn vestage,
Decking forest, grove and city
In a dress of red and yellow;
Oaks and elms in showy garments,
In the solitary woodland,
Where the moose and elk do wander,
Mighty rulers of the forest;
Where the bear doth seek his cavern
In the woods so still and lonely;
Where the doe, a loving mother,
With her eyes so large and tender,
Leads her young one to the brookside,
In the stillness of the evening,
'Neath the bending boughs above her,
Clothed in radiant tints of Autumn—
All these thoughts my soul are filling,
Gliding by in grand succession,
Beautiful and solitary.

Winter

Dramatis Personæ

WINTER
GLACIER, COLD, FROST } *Courtiers to Winter.*
CLOUD—*A courtier, attendant upon Winter.*
SUMMER
GRACE, SUNSHINE, JUNE } *Courtiers or Ladies, attendant upon Summer.*

SCENE I

SCENE—Court of Winter, an icy gorge.
(*Winter, Glacier, Cold and Frost.*)

Winter—Ye courtiers of my realm, now list to me,
And ponder on my words and give them thought:
For I do now enact a royal law,
Which is with all my lords and followers,
My children and the subjects of my land,
The bitter Frost and unrelenting Cold,
To journey to the land of mortals once
Each time that sphere, which humans call the world,
Doth circle round the golden orb, the sun;
And there to plunder and destroy the works
Of Nature, all the flowers beautiful,
And grasses green and leafy bough and bush;

To clad the rivers in a coat of ice,
And fright the fair, melodious birds away;
How many, verily, desire these things?

Glacier, *Cold*, *Frost*—We all, our sovereign and most noble king.

Cold—And I shall help thee with thy mighty deeds;
I'll shoot my barbed arrows swift and keen,
That with one blow do overpow'r the leaves
And flowers and the bushes fair and green,
Which, stricken to the ground, do faint and die
In pointed numbness, in their icy graves.

Frost—O, pow'rful sovereign, my assistance, too,
Shall heartily be given unto thee,
For I'll go forth beneath the azure sky,
The crescent and the stars o'erwatching me,
And to the hush and quietness of night,
I'll add a keen and chilly atmosphere,
And gliding noiselessly toward the brook,
I'll touch it with my finger icicles,
And lo! the rippling waters short shall stop,
Transformed to an icy coat of mail.

Winter—It fills my heart with joy and happiness
That all my courtiers shall so willingly
Assist me in my deeds. And, Glacier, write
Among the laws and statutes of my realm,
Inscribed in scrolls of ice as strong as steel—
As mighty and as irremovable—
That law which I have said to you but now.

Glacier—Indeed, great sovereign of this ice-bound land,
Fore'er I'm at your service and command.

Scene II

Scene—A valley in winter.
(*Winter and Summer*)

Summer—O, Winter, Winter, cruel, pitiless,
Have mercy on me and my children fair!
O, Winter keen, how canst thou be so stern,
That armèd in a coat of icy mail,
Thou slayest all my children beautiful?
Ah, Winter, but abate thy furious wars,
Have mercy on these fair and lovely flow'rs—
Have pity, cruel, unrelenting king.

Winter—The laws and all the statutes of my realm
Are writ in bars of ice, and ne'er can be
Revoked.

Summer—O, Winter, Winter, art thou dumb
To all entreaties from these lips of mine,
Beseeching thee to end thy fearful war?
O, Winter, art thou blind; canst thou not see
Thy awful carnage, 'mongst the flow'rs and leaves?
O, Winter,—

Winter—My laws are firm and ne'er can be revoked.

Summer—But, cruel season, listen to my words—
Have pity on me.

Winter—Summer, thou hast moved
Me to compassion, but as I have said,
My laws are firm and ne'er can be revoked:
Though I shall try to find some way to save
Thy flowers and thy children beauteous.

Summer—O, Winter, do, and I shall ever be
Thy friend and not thy hating enemy!

Scene III

Scene—The court of Winter, an icy gorge.
(*Winter*, *Cold*, *Cloud and Frost*.)

Winter—My courtiers and my lords assembled here,
List to my words: I lately Summer saw,
So fair and lovely in her wondrous gown,
Who sadly begged me, weeping piteously,
To mercy have upon her buds and boughs
And end my warfare. This I cannot do;
So told her on the honor of my word
That I would strive to save her children frail;
Can you devise a plan for such a thing?

Cloud, *Cold*, *Frost*—We'll strive most faithfully to do our best
And let our genius plan and shape the rest.

Scene IV

Scene—The court of Summer, a forest dell.
(*Summer*, *Grace*, *Sunshine and June*.)

Summer—Fair maidens, in this happy forest dell,
Gay though you are, I doubt if all is well;
For Winter, like a cruel warrior bold,
Doth come each year with Frost and bitter Cold
To slay my children, O ye nymphs so fair,
And naught but strife and tumult fill the air.

Grace—But, dearest ruler of this lovely place,
We wish for naught to mar thy happy face
And naught but smiling on thy lips be seen.
Lo! Here comes one of grand and royal mien.
(*Enter Winter*.)

Winter—I'm come to greet thy loveliness, the queen
Of flowers fair and leaves and grasses green;
Cold, Frost and Cloud, my true and faithful lords
Have planned a marvel that will spare the swords
Of bitter Cold from all your children fair,
The trees and flowers with their fragrance rare;
For when November's breezes softly blow,
They lull to sleep the flowers, to and fro
Their cradles softly rocking, to the tune
Of Æolus' sweet song, the leaves be strewn
Upon the ground, the swaying trees below,
When I enfold them in a bed of snow,
And give them gentle sleep and lovely dreams,
While all about, the air as piercing seems
As barbed arrows, with straight aim and true—
And now, fair Summer, I bid thee adieu.

(*Exit*)

Summer—At last my joy is full, and naught remains
To mar my pleasure, fill my heart with pains;
And now to celebrate this joyous thing,
Come, come, all ye happy nymphs, and sweetly sing!

To a Wild Rose

Dedicated to his English Teacher, Harriette Treadwell, of the Forrestville School, Chicago.

I love thee, yes, I love thee,
Thou Flower fair of June,
Like the bright blue skies that delight the eyes—
Like the pale and dainty moon.

I love thee, yes, I love thee,
For thy scents that fill the air
Make this mortal strand like a fairy-land,
While sweet odors are everywhere.

I love thee, yes, I love thee,
For thy beauty and thy grace;
On the bushes green art thou ever seen
With thy lovely fairy face.

I love thee, yes, I love thee,
While you nod in the gentle breeze
Thou art queen fore'er of the flowers fair,
'Neath the bowing courtier trees.

I love thee, yes, I love thee
With thy dainty crown of gold:
In the clear ozone, is a bush thy throne,
Till at last thy petals fold.

I love thee, yes, I love thee,
Though thy life be but a day,
Like the nodding boughs above thee,
Fair child of the June and May.

Fallen Leaves

I

The wild wind doth come from his home in the
northland,
When the leaves are arrayed in bright scarlet and
gold;
Half fiercely, half mildly, he now doth conduct them
Unto the damp ground and their graves in the mould.
So flying and dying
With Æolus sighing,
They made their journey to brown mother earth—
As winter approaches,
On airy wind-coaches,
To their mausoleum they travel with mirth.

II

The wild wind doth come from his home in the
northland,
When boughs quiver leafless and meadows are bare;
He bringeth a blanket of white for the drear fields
And soon it is glistening everywhere.
Swift sweeping, ne'er sleeping
With Æolus heaping
The snow into drifts 'neath the cold winter sun;
Now Æolus sigheth,
Half singeth, half cryeth,
"The dead leaves have fallen for their work is done."

To a Water Lily

Oh, gentle flower, with thine golden heart
And edged with white, the color pure and true,
In calm repose, you rest upon the blue
Until at last, thy glory doth depart;
And though thou gloriest brightly whilst thou art,
And you your splendid colors wear in lieu
Of the sun's magnificence, alas, ah! you
Surrender life soon aft thy splendor's start.
Alas! 'tis true, thou much art like the race
Of mortals, who in their bright, glorious prime,
Can ne'er oppose inconstant, fickle Fate;
Though in his glory he bears proud a face,
The inroad large, of man's worst foe, cruel Time,
Prepareth him for Heaven's resplendent gate.

The Elm and the Rose

Beneath a calm and stately elm, a rose
Did spend her joyous life in this fair place—
A peaceful dell where flowers did ope and close—
And raised each nodding, fair and smiling face.

This fairy elm did love the dainty flower,
Who showed each day its fair and beauteous eye,
To grace the grassy nook and leafy bower
Where like a fairy princess she did lie.

The loving elm did lay his shady leaves,
Like a fair canopy, above her head,
And she, with joy, his loving gift receives,
When he the story of his love has said.

The children came and played around the elm,
And laughed and chattered, when in all their glee,
They saw the princess of the fairy realm,
Upon her bed of grass so fair and free.

But one day comes; 'tis sad a tale to tell—
Upon her wondrous bed, the flower fair
Reclined and drooped her head—"She is not well"—
Did murmur all the voices of the air.

The breeze did woo her with his magic spell,
The sun sent forth his ray to greet her eye—
But it was useless, worse and worse she fell,
Until one fair spring morning, she did die.

The lovely elm did grieve and mourn her death,
He moaned and sighed and fretted in the breeze,
Until one night, a fierce and stormy breath
Does strike him, and to mother earth he flees.

He falls beside his love among the leaves,
So pale in death with one pink fairy blush;
The friendly sun looks on and much he grieves
That these fair two should sleep in death's calm hush.

Th' eternal sun, to whom a thousand years
Is but a day in heaven's e'erlasting time,
From 'neath the east his rays of splendor rears,
Till he ascends into the heaven's prime.

He says, "Behold this incident of life,
This simple, pretty story; it is small,
But small things make our joy and make our strife,
And small things make the world's harmonious all."

A million suns do fill the heavens fair,
A million trees do make the woods of mirth;
A million blossoms scent the crystal air,
A thousand millions grown, do make the earth.

In Meadows Green

In the busy, noisy city,
Gaze I at the clouds above me
Full of figures and of fancies;
Meadows are they of the vapor,
With their misty grass and flowers,
Bringing to me the remembrance
Of the meadows green and verdant,
Far from all the noise and clamor
That are echoing through the city.
Meadows, where the trees and blossoms
In their sparkling dewy freshness,
Grace the earth in pearls and diamonds;
Where the joyous birds are singing
Filled with ecstasy and beauty;
Where the glorious sun departing
Tints the leaves and flow'rs with radiance,
While the zephyrs soft and gentle,
Lull to slumber Nature's children;
Till the crescent fair and glowing
And the stars in simple grandeur,
Shed their ray upon the flowers,
Watching o'er their lovely dreaming.

The Brooklet in the Wood

In the forest solitary,
Oak trees ancient in the glade
Cast a shade
O'er the brooklet, gay and merry,
In its sparkling gown arrayed,
Like a bright and laughing fairy
Whose sweet beauty ne'er doth fade—
Smiling maid—
Rippling with her laughter airy,
In her swift course never stayed.

The Battle of the Waves

I

'Tis night and the clouds are the heavens o'ercov'ring,
While Boreas cruel, near Neptune is hov'ring;
The sea-god o'ertaken,
He bids him awaken
His warriors mighty in splendrous array;
So roaring
And soaring,
Awakening,
Forsaking
The quiet of night, they prepare for the fray.

II

And donning their armor resplendent and flashing,
On aqueous chargers that forward are dashing
And tossing and prancing,
The warriors are lancing
With foam crested spears of the sea's shining steel,
Are riding,
And gliding,
And dying,
Defying
Until they the lance of the enemy feel.

III

Above them the wonderful sword of the lightning
Is piercing and flashing and gleaming and bright'ning;
The horrible thunder
Doth rend them asunder,

Until when the terrible battle is o'er—
Then crying,
And sighing,
And groaning,
And moaning,
The west wind is chanting his dirge evermore.

The River's Destination

I

I come from the lofty mountains,
  I go to the roaring sea;
Its waves and its mighty billows
  Are rest and home for me.

II

I flow down the peaceful valley,
  To the sea is where I go;
I love its angry waters,
  And the winds that o'er it blow.

III

On! On! To the mighty ocean,
  On! On! To its waves that roll,
I shall ever journey onward
  Till I reach the sea, my goal.

The Wisconsin River

Past fertile fields and
Meadows green,
The broad Wisconsin
Flows;
'Mid verdant islands
It is seen,
And past large hills
It goes.

By verdure clad and
Beauteous hills,
With current swift and
Strong;
And fed by many brooks
And rills,
It quickly glides along.

Farewell to Tower Hill

[Tower Hill is a picturesque spot in Northern Wisconsin, where the Summer School of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, is located.]

Ye verdant hills, ye flowing streams,
  Ye quiet woodland glades,
Ye splendors of the sunset gleams,
  And evening's peaceful shades;
Ye lovely flowers and dainty ferns
  Within your peaceful dell,
For you my heart forever yearns—
  And I have loved you well—
But with a longing heart must say,
  Dear Tower Hill, farewell.

Farewell to the majestic rocks—
  The stately and the grand—
Farewell unto the peaceful flocks
  In this green meadow-land;
Farewell to birds that here, the air
  With their sweet music fill,
Farewell to nature fresh and fair,
  In valley, height and rill;
And I must bid good-bye, to-day,
  Farewell to Tower Hill.

Night in the City

I

The sun has set in a blaze of gold,
And a spirit of silence and peaceful rest
Into the city's heart hath rolled,
With the gentle balm
Of a lingering calm
That makes the soul by the evening blest.

II

The gold-wreathed heaven far above,
Doth watch o'er the town the long night through,
Breathing a poem of infinite love
To the awe-thrilled soul
That beholds the whole
Of the grandly beautiful, star-flecked blue.

III

O, city, slumber thy quiet sleep,
By solitude's soothing hand caressed,
While the guardian stars their vigil keep,
Shining still and bright
Through the tranquil night
O'er a spirit of silence and peaceful rest.

The Wind

I

O, mine are the powers to lull the bright flowers
To rest in their cradles of grass;
When the last tints of day are fading away,
They sweetly salute as I pass;
Then they close their gay eyes, and the lovely stars rise,
And the moon with her silvery light,
And I, soft and calm with an airy balm
Enchanting the quiet night.
As I rustle along with a graceful song,
Scarce whispering through the trees,
More loudly I blow as I swell and grow
Into a midnight breeze.

II

But the moon's vigil white she doth keep o'er the night,
As its hours grow late and large,
Till a cloudy sky is above on high,
When I mount on its thunderous barge;
I fill its sails with my warring gales,
And we travel swift and far;
Over valley and dale, do we swiftly sail,
In our wonderful, mighty car,
Till the morning light doth end the night,
And welcomes the coming day,
And I waken the flowers in their leafy bowers,
When the sun sends forth his ray.

Address to Burns

I

Great poet, from the brave Scot's land—
When I ascend the mountain grand,
And am by gentle breezes fanned,
I think of thee,
When flowers sweet on every hand
Give joy to me.

II

Thy poems are the flowers gay,
And balmy breezes of the May,
Whilst thou, like mountain doth hold sway
Within my mind;
For thou wrot'st many a beauteous lay
Of Nature's kind.

III

Great songs were they that thou didst sing,
Of dewy grasses and the Spring,
And of the tinkling cow-bell's ring;
Of Nature all;
And of the joys the seasons bring,
'Twas thy great call.

Have a Thought

(*Written for a Wedding Anniversary*)

I

Have a thought for the days that are long gone by
To the country of what has been,
And a thought for the ones that unseen lie
'Neath the mystic veil of the future pale,
As the years roll out and in.

II

Have a thought for the host and the hostess here,
Aunt Emily and Uncle Max,
And a thought for the friends to our hearts so dear,
That around us to-night in the joyful light
Of pleasure their souls relax.

III

Have a thought for the happy two to-night,
Who have passed their tenth wedded year,
And the best wishes, kind and bright,
That we impart with a loving heart
That is faithful and sincere.

Thanksgiving Day

I

Soft without the snow is flying,
Through my mind the thought is crying—
"'Tis Thanksgiving Day."

II

On this cold day in November,
I do thoughtfully remember
'Tis Thanksgiving Day.

III

I am grateful to the Power,
Which hath kept me to this hour—
This Thanksgiving Day.

IV

O, but let us not forget them,
Who have cares and ills to fret them
This Thanksgiving Day;

V

Who have poverty and sadness,
Ne'er a single ray of gladness,
This Thanksgiving Day.

Letter to a Boy Friend

Dear Milton, friend in La Fayette,
Think not that I forget you yet;
Since last I saw you, many things
Have quickly flown on Time's swift wings,
And therefore to you I'll relate
The several facts that were my fate
Since I have last left your abode,
And to Chicago town I rode.
Last summer, out of town I went
To Stewart's farm, and was content
With all their hens and little chicks,
Young, fluffy things—of them were six—
And even more I think there were,
And many sheep, with their soft fur,
Besides, they had a dozen cows,
And little piglets and fat sows;
Without the animals they had,
Were many things that made one glad,
For many woods there were around,
And lovely flowers that I found.
But, then at last, I had to go—
One cannot stay fore'er you know—
So I went near to Waukesha,
Half with alas! Half with hurrah!
For it with many a charm abounds,
Lakes, flowers, to my ear sweet sounds,
For I went fishing many times,
Provided with my hooks and lines,
And caught some pickerel, bass and perch,

And oft, for flowers I did search,
But did not seek them very long,
For when I was the woods among,
And flowers and leaves and maples smiled,
I plucked the pretty roses wild.
At last the day, when I must part
With Nature, brought into my heart
Some thoughts of sorrow and of joy,
For I was a reluctant boy;
To leave the country made me sad,
Again to go home I was glad;
That I must leave was clear and plain,
So back to my town went again,
Then, at a hotel, I did stay,
Till to a flat we moved, one day,
Forty-nine hundred thirty-four
Is just the number on the door.
The avenue's name whereon I live,
Directly to you I will give—
Forrestville Avenue, you must know,
If you would have your letters go
To me; a few, I hope you'll send
To Walter Bissinger, your friend,
Who very heartily doth say,
He wishes you a New Year gay.

A Review of "Ode to the West Wind"

(*Shelley*)

A WILD and vivid imagination, a poetic and fervid love of nature, an exquisite use of language, are all combined to make this beautiful poem alive with the spirit which it breathes, telling us of the "Wild West Wind," with such harmony, such grandeur of description, as to present to the reader a most wonderful picture of the "wild spirit, which art moving everywhere."

Shelley is an artist; the pictures he portrays are no less beautiful in their wild scenery and harmonious coloring than those of the painter. His imagination overpowers him with its fervor, and he bursts forth in such magnificent descriptions and glorious images, depicted in such a splendor of language, that the reader is filled with glowing flames of poetic thought.

He is shown in splendid tints, in the most descriptive language, "the impulse" of the west wind's strength, the "leaves dead, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing, yellow and black and pale, and hectic red, pestilence-stricken multitudes." He is shown Boreas' fury on "the blue Mediterranean," and its effect on the poet's weird and wondrous imagination.

No language can depict the beauty portrayed by Shelley in this exquisite lyric, for the poet enraptures the reader with a fire of the soul, throws over him a mantle of charm, and leaves him glowing in embers of thought, burning with picturesque imagery.

A Review of "Hymn Before Sunrise In the Vale of Chamouni"

THE solemn grandeur of Mont Blanc, throned aloft in eternal majesty, the erect and stately pines which cluster at his base, and the green, beautiful vale, tinted here and there with delicate blossoms, have given Coleridge, through the sublimity of his own thought, the power to present to the world an exquisite description of the Vale of Chamouni.

The dignity of the poet's thought and the delicacy of his imagination, well suit the eternal splendor of the "Sovran of the Vale."

A vision of unparalleled beauty, an image of everlasting power, arises before us when the poet, in the rough-hewn language so well in keeping with the thought, tells of the "five wild torrents fiercely glad 'dashing' from dark and icy caverns . . . . . down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks." With equal beauty, with equal embellishment and color of imagination, he describes the less mighty but more dainty "living flowers of loveliest blue, garlands at the feet" of the lofty Mont, whom he addresses in sublime language:

> "Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth;
> Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
> Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
> Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
> And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
> Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!"

"Break, Break, Break"

(By Tennyson)

THIS beautiful poem by Tennyson was written in memory of a close friend, who had died. It is beautiful in its sadness and its lovely, expressive, harmonious language.

In these, the beginning lines,

> "Break, break, break,
> On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!"

one can almost see the great waves dashing against the bleak rocks, and it is the same with the rest of the poem. It is hard for the mind to resist the tide of this exquisite poem, now rising to happiness, now falling to a calm and beautiful sadness.

We can feel a thrill of sorrow with Tennyson in some parts of it, and can share and appreciate in our mind the gaiety and happiness of the "fisherman's boy" and the "sailor lad."

Tennyson well portrays his longing and grief for his absent friend, in contrast to the thoughtless pleasure of the children. The greatest beauty in this lovely poem is its powerful feeling and thought.

A Review of "Some Time"

(By Eugene Field)

WORDS cannot tell of the sad loveliness of this marvellous poem, which expresses the ever beautiful sentiment of a mother's love; one must read it often to appreciate its lulling soliloquy and exquisite language, which is grand in its very simplicity.

The words are so well suited to the thought that its charm inspires and haunts the soul; what could be more expressive of the longing, of the pity, "hid in the heart of love," than this poetic sentiment:

> "And then I stooped and kissed your brow
> For Oh! I love you so!"

These words of the meditating mother, unveiling the mist of years, which held her fortune and her child's, thinking of the time when she should be no more; would he remember her love—would he fulfill her ambition for him—these and the thousand other thoughts filling her heart and mind are beautifully described in this lyric by "the poet of childhood," Eugene Field.

A Review of "Lives of the Hunted"

(By Ernest Thompson Seton)

THIS book contains eight very interesting stories of animals, all of which I shall attempt briefly to describe.

The first story, which is entitled "Krag, the Kootenay Ram," tells the story of Krag, a Rocky Mountain sheep, from the days of his lambhood to his death. The most important characteristic of this story is its magnificent portrayal of an animal as an animal, vigorous, robust, and glowing with energy. The author first tells of Krag as a lamb, then of his youth, and finally of the long hunt of Scotty Mac Dougal, who persistently hunted the ram for twelve long weeks, and then with a sudden reverse of his nature, repented because he could not give back the life he had taken. The greatest beauties of the story are its fine descriptions of scenery and its excellent portrayal of animal character and beauty.

The next story in the book, "A Street Troubadour," is very quaintly and vividly told. It tells about an ordinary English sparrow who, having been tamed and caged with canaries when young, escaped and astonished his hearers by strains of canary music, mingled with sparrow chirruping. The story is very interesting because it shows

the peculiarities and characteristics of individual birds with the most careful delineation, yet enlivened by bits of mild and pleasant humor, as are most of the stories. The writer tells about the many and varied experiences and odd perplexities of "Randy," the cock-sparrow, until the time, when after the death of his mate, he was hurt and caught by a girl, and at last returned to the barber-shop, where he spends his time in lively and vigorous song, to quote from the book, "like some monk who has tried the world, found it too hard for him, and has gladly returned to his cell, there to devote the rest of his days to purely spiritual pleasures."

"Johnny was a queer little bear cub that lived with Grumpy, his mother, in Yellowstone Park." This is the way the author begins the next story, "Johnny Bear." It is about Johnny, a little, whining, restless bear-cub who lived with his mother and his friends in Yellowstone Park, in a state of partial tameness. The tale is full of pleasant, humorous little passages which give an odd, yet delightful tone to it, and tends to give it a less serious air than the other stories. The author tells first about how he obtained some interesting peeks into the home life of the various bears and then tells about Grumpy and Johnny alone, in the most novel and charming way, till the premature death of odd little Johnny, which is the only pathetic part of the tale.

There are four rather short stories in the book, which I will pass over very briefly.

One of these, "The Mother Teal and Her Overland Route," symbolizes mother-love in animals, and is very beautifully and daintily told.

"Why the Chickadee Goes Crazy Once a Year," is a fanciful little tale, and differs from the others in being almost purely imaginary.

"Chink, the Development of a Pup," is one of the stories that stands for an idea—the beautiful fidelity of a dog to a man. Chink, who ordinarily was only a frisky, lively little dog who adored his master, in time of necessity exhibited ideal staunchness and bravery. The story is very skillfully told, as are all the others.

"The Kangaroo" is a dainty little tale, in which the author gracefully combines fancy and fact with very happy and pleasant effect.

"Tito, the Story of the Coyote that Learned How," is to be classed among the longer and more important stories, and in very interesting style tells the life of a coyote, and how, through one experience after another, he became acquainted with all the schemes and means of the cowboys to destroy his race—"the lean and hungry vagrants of the plains"—so that when he became the leader of a large band of his brethren he taught them all the lessons he had learned through sad experience. The tale is replete with significant little incidents that probably give it its greatest charm.

Although this is a book review, I should not consider myself to have completed my task did I not mention the illustrations. There are many

full page and marginal drawings which, with the delightful stories, have given me many minutes of profit and pleasure.

Spring

FAIR Spring, of all seasons the gayest, the brightest, why are you beloved alike by prince and peasant, bird and beast; why do mortals never cease to praise you, Oh, loveliest child of all the year; and why are you adored from one end of this broad world to the other, eternal joy that since the sun has shed his ray upon the world, has greeted the heart of man; why of all precious nymphs are you forever idealized and loved by all mankind?

And the Spring answered, "I am glad that I am loved, for I heartily strive to give joy to the universe; for after the winter, like a cruel conqueror, has captured and imprisoned the children of summer, I open their icy prisons with my mighty sunbeams, the lovers and assistants of all Nature, and after they have melted their icicle bars they nourish the flowers and grass and trees to renewed life and vigor, and the breeze fans them to rest 'neath a sky of azure.

"So I, therefore, am beloved and awaited by mortals. But I must leave you now, and bid the breeze to rock the flowers to sleep, and the pearl crescent and golden stars to watch o'er their dreams."

The Picture of the "Glass Blower"

See! See! that strong hand, see that
mighty arm,
Proud in the realm of labor! See that
face,
Intense with the anxious toil for the love
Of children, wife and home. Before the
flames
In the dark furnace stands he, the
glass-blower;
And every glow of heat and tongue of
flame
Breathes of stern duty which impels
him to
His task of love, of conscience and of toil.
O, brave, renowned Prometheus,
great art thou!
Who brought from heaven fire that man might use
Its fearful power to his benefit,
And metamorphose nature into art
By labor, mighty labor, true, sublime,
For "Labor omnia vincit," O resound
Thou motto glorious through the glass-blower's
Heart and let him be elevated as he thinks.

Thoughts at a Wedding

[Written in response to a request for a toast, at the wedding of an aunt.]

WE have now arrived at a green and dewy spot in the personal history of our families. We have reached a verdant woodland where our dear beloved ones are about us, and in this forest we see a joyful, blooming Rose beside her mate. May he prove a sturdy oak, extending over her, boughs of protection and love. May he keep from her, as far as he is powerful to do so, the storms and tempests of sorrow, and may he only allow the glorious sunlight of devotion to illuminate her countenance; and when mournful breezes moan to them of sorrow, may he caress her with leaves of sympathy, and may she in turn requite him, and may they strive to live together in nuptial felicity and happiness each moment of their lives.

And now I will close with the sanguine hope that the joyful Rose whom we have here to-night may blossom into a full-blown, ever fair and faithful flower, 'neath the devoted and loving tree of protection with whom she is to live, as long and felicitously as a gracious God may allow.

Patriotism

[This composition won a Chicago *Daily News* medal in 1901.]

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own my native land';
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

IN every human bosom, there glows a grand and invincible fire that thrills the heart with love and devotion for one's native land. We take pride in our nation, and the embers of patriotism that fill our souls are kindled to a mighty flame, by the remembrance of those who have nobly served their country, and who inspire and stimulate us, with their national devotion.

It is natural that we feel a deep gratitude to those patriots who have so benefited their native land and have so benefited us; it is natural that we wish to imitate their love and their benefaction to their country. But they have smoothed the pathway for us; we are prospering under the good government which they have so bravely, so wisely established. How, then, can we be patriotic?

As Webster says, "Our proper business is

progress." We should improve, should make better our fatherland, and be public-spirited.

A nation's greatness is not measured by the extent of its territory, the number of its inhabitants, or even by the power it holds. Its value is estimated upon the knowledge, the patriotism, and above all, the character of its citizens. As is the individual, so is the entire country, and only by cultivating our character, by caring for the arts and the works of peace, and by doing our best to promote the harmony and welfare of the nation, can we hold a claim to greatness. Therefore, in seeking to be patriotic, our main object should be to lead the best lives and to follow the best pursuits which providence may allow.

It is not patriotism and loyalty to one's native land, to approve of its every act because it is done by one's fatherland. Among the greatest, the most heroic of patriots, we may class him who opposes his country in defense of what he believes to be the right; and in love of our nation, we should not be antagonistic to others. Indeed, we may much admire some foreign government, but never with the fervor with which we love our own.

We should assist the world; we should be broad-minded and magnanimous, for though we are divided by difference of nation and of government, though we are separated by seas and mountains, we are connected by a link more powerful, more wonderful than all barriers.

The same God watches over us, the same sun sheds his light upon all the earth, and the same stars cast their mellow rays upon our slumber, but a powerful love of country thrills us with a fervor of patriotism.

Valedictory

[Valedictory address delivered at the graduation day exercises, January 31st, 1902, at the Forrestville School, Chicago.]

Nature

TODAY we leave thy home, dear Forrestville; we leave thy pleasant halls and rooms, and we part from the teachers whom we cherish as among our best friends. But we are always in the school of Nature, always being elevated by her pictures and her symphonies, to a higher understanding and a deeper love for God and man. She speaks to us in tranquil night in a thousand golden lessons, and the numberless beauties she scatters daily before us. The most minute as well as the greatest things, are lovely. The tiny snow crystal and the infinite space of the blue heavens bespeak majesty and power. What artificial creation of human hands and human minds has the vastness of the awful canyons of the West, or of the mighty waterfall that leaps and plunges in ecstacy of freedom? Is there anything created by man as dainty and delicate as the roses and columbines of the forest? No human structure aspires to the height and grandeur of the silvered mountain peak, symbol of eternity, but guarding the little hamlet at its foot, an atom beside the ocean, for

Nature shows to man in many ways
How she combineth gentleness and might.
Beside the mighty mountain peak she lays
The peaceful river, and throughout the night
The moon doth shed her soft and glowing rays
Upon the grand, the awe-inspiring height.

But our search need not be far for the natural glories of God, for here, even here in this dingy, grimy city, we behold a world of beauties. When you go home to-day, look at the great mantle of white that bespangles fence and housetop. Notice a single, individual flake, and you will enjoy a feast of beauty. Gaze at the infinite, ethereal canopy overhead and imbibe with your eyes its calm splendor. Behold the golden tints of the setting sun, that shed their radiance over the sky and upon the earth. And if you look down the Chicago River—even that much satirized stream which flows through this city—on some dark night, you will see a most impressive vista. The rows of flickering light have a mysterious fascination, while the hulls and masts of the bulky freighters arise like dreary, dreamy phantoms of another world, to sentinel the slumbering town, and the puffing tug-boats resemble the reanimated monsters of a previous age.

We look upwards and rest our eyes in the deep blue. Serenity and calmness are our first emotions, and we instinctively feel an unutterable gratitude toward our Creator.

The blessings of nature are the commonest

things of life, and knowledge and intelligence make them doubly enjoyed and loved.

Our first important steps toward these have been taken in a school of which we are proud to have been members, and whose teachers we may count among our best friends and benefactors.

We, the class of 1902, sincerely thank and bid farewell to our kind and devoted teachers, whom we shall cherish as long as we live.

So, leaving, we extend a most hearty welcome, with all hopes of success, to the class that follows us.

Theseus

[Play written for graduation day exercises, January 31, 1902, at the Forrestville School, Chicago, and performed by his classmates.]

Persons of the Play

ÆGEUS—*King of Athens*
MEDEA—*Second wife of Ægeus, and an Enchantress*
THESEUS—*Son of Ægeus and step-son of Medea*
TWO MESSENGERS
CHORUS OF ADVISERS TO THE KING

PRELUDE

SCENE—The King's throne in his palace.

Medea—From friends I hear that Theseus, the king's son,
Has here arrived and, on his father's death,
The throne he will assume. For my son's sake
This shall not be. My son must be the king.
What if Theseus, in lineage, holds the right?
I'll have him slain in such a way that I
Shall not be blamed; then when Ægeus dies
No one there'll be to oppose my royal son.

ACT I

SCENE—The same.
(*Ægeus, Chorus and Messengers*)

Chorus—O King, to-day and here are we assembled
To give attention to affairs of state,

Therefore, our deepest thought and wisest counsel
We render thee, for when the nation's deeds
Are being considered, we should meditate
Most carefully, ere we opinion give
On matters that affect our whole loved country.
But see! Medea comes, thy loving queen!

(*Enter Medea*)

Ægeus—Hail, my Medea, come thou, sit beside me,
Thou hast of moment to impart to me,
I see by thy unusual haste and zeal.

Medea—I have, O my King, for I have discovered
By magic processes and by communion
With the immortal gods, that in this town
A murderer lurks, who's jealous of thy life,
Thy crown, thy kingdom and thy throne; who would
Destroy thee; and I warn thee, my Ægeus,
If thou dost slay him not, then will he thee.

Ægeus—What sayest thou! Who is this vile assassin
That seeks my life, is thirsty for my blood?

Medea—Merely a country youth, but one of strength.
So I advise thee, do away with him
Ere he can strike at thee.

Chorus— For Athens' safety,
And for thine own, do thou away with him.

Ægeus—Thus will I do, and he shall know that death
Awaits the base attempters of such deeds.

Medea—I will prepare a potion of a deadly
And certain poison in a cup of wine.
Offer it to him as Bacchus' gracious gift,
And he will drink of it.

Ægeus— I will, my queen,
For thou dost counsel well. Go, messengers,
(*Exeunt Messengers*)
Go, find the guilty youth who boldly dares
To attempt my life. Not for a single hour
Should the vile traitor live and meanly plan
His base designs, which (I have fixed it so)
He never will accomplish. When hades gapes
To swallow him, e'en will it be defiled,
And he receive the vengeance of the gods,
Which he does so deserve.
(*Exeunt Ægeus and Medea*)

STROPHE

A vile youth would destroy our noble king,
But Nemesis doth ne'er fail to pursue
The evil doer and to punish him;
And so we see that good Medea, through
The intervention of the just and knowing gods,
Hath saved our sovereign. History doth show
That evil cannot long remain concealed;
Though virtue's progress may seem hard and slow,
Vice to the gods will ever be revealed.

ANTISTROPHE

Fair Athens, by Athene's prowess blessed
With peaceful life and kind prosperity,
And by the ocean's goodly hand caressed,
So that her sailors far upon the sea
Do venture, and pay homage to the sovereign,
The good Ægeus, who, with paternal care,
O'er Attica's most lovely city reigns,
Over her temples and her valleys fair,
Be careful that thy safety e'er maintains.

Act II

Scene—The same.
(*Ægeus, Medea and Chorus*)

Ægeus—Bring here the man, that we may judge of him.

(*Enter Messengers with Theseus.*)

Where didst thou find the youth?

Messengers— Upon the street,
Gazing in admiration at the statues,
The beauteous structures and the temples fair
That do adorn our city.

Ægeus—Lad, what brought thee here?

Theseus—I seek my father.

Ægeus—Who is thy father?

Medea—But stranger, thou art weary with thy journey,
Wilt thou not taste our fine Athenian wine?

(*Giving him the wine.*)

Theseus—(*Accepting and raising the cup to his lips.*)
With pleasure, queen; I thank your majesties.

(*About to drink.*)

Ægeus—But hold, O youth, where gottest thou those sandals?
And that rare sword?

Theseus—According as my father had directed—
From 'neath a weighty stone I lifted them,
When I had strength sufficient.

Ægeus— O, my son!
Thou art my Theseus, and the gods forbid
That thou shouldst die! Forgive me, O my child.
(*Exit Medea.*)

Theseus—Aye, father, thy affectionate son;
But what forgive thee for? I do respect,
Love and admire thee, my royal father.

Ægeus—The wine the queen did offer thee was poison,
Now she in guilt hath fled. Now I see through
The fabrication of her wicked dealings.
Though Wrong may seem to flourish, Virtue ever
Will conquer vice, and in the end will reign
Supreme. But we had best rejoice at this
Deliverance. Tell to me, my dear son,
About thy journey.

Theseus— I shall, my father.

Chorus—And we shall listen with most eager minds.

Theseus—When with great effort, I the rock had thrust
Aside, and had the sandals donned, the sword,
Bright gleaming at my side, I much did long
And wished to see thee and to journey here.
With joyful heart, I to my guardians ran
And told them of my fortune and desire.
They did consent but did beseech me long
To voyage on the ocean, as 'twas safer
Than 'twas by land, for that, they said, by robbers
And murderers was infested, but I pled
With them that I might journey on the land,
As 'tis befitting for a sovereign's son
To travel where he pleases. They consented.

Chorus—A bold and daring spirit, shows the lad,
As should a scion of Erectheus' house.

Theseus—Then with light heart, I bade farewell to them,
And cheerfully departed. But when I
Arrived at Epidaurus, I beheld
Huge, tall and ponderous, great Periphetes,
Hephæstus' mighty son, armed with a club
Of iron, with which, I had heard, he slew
All travelers who there approached; I rushed
Upon him from afar, my sword uplifted,
Then with a sudden stroke, I wounded him;
He, furious, attacked me, and we fought
And struggled with each other till at last
Another blow dispatched him and he fell.

Ægeus—Well didst thou show thy valor, my dear son;
Thou hast the spirit of a hero in thee;
Continue in thy narrative, my son,
'Tis welcome to my heart to hear of thy
Bold bravery.

Theseus— Then I did journey on
'Neath a fair sky and without opposition,
Till I, at length, arrived at Corinth, where
The townsfolk warned me of a cruel thief,
Sinnis, by name, who with device most heinous,
Killed all his victims. With the metal club
From Periphetes won, with one blow I
Killed him and traveled on. Now my way led
Through a deep forest dark with foliage.
I heard a sudden rustle in the leaves,
An awful roaring. Then before me bellowed
And stamped with fervid rage, a monstrous boar,

Which, seeing my opportunity, I speared
To death.

Ægeus—My noble son!

Chorus—O Theseus, thou art fit to be a ruler!
Thou well hast proved thy capability and daring.

Theseus— Megara I now approached;
And as I issued from a thicket dense,
High looming up before me I beheld
A giant figure of Titanic strength,
But with the wicked glamour of deceit
In his eyes; and as I did venture on,
I did behold before me a great cliff,
A yawning chasm, where a fearful form,
Down in its deepest and most deadly pit,
A hideous dragon hissed, spat fire and lashed
His scaly tail even to madness; when
The giant that I spake to thee about,
Scyron, did seize me by the heel, and would
Have flung me o'er the canon e'en into
The fiery reptile's jaws! Then with a quick
And sudden motion, I dealt him a blow;
He fell from off the precipice and was
By the great beast devoured at its base.
With many more adventures, I did meet,
Which I will later all relate to thee,
For I am wearied and would fain have rest
And good refreshment.

Ægeus— O, my spirited
And noble Theseus, brave in heart art thou!
And I do love thee with a father's pride,
I do rejoice in thee. Stay now with me,
Here 'neath the kind protection of mine eyes,
My rightful heir and most beloved son.

Chorus—O, Charites and fair Athene, bless
Our court, our city, and our goodly king;
And, Zeus, inspire our Prince to nobleness
Of heart, of action, and in everything,
Let him be leader of the valiant throng
Against his country's foes and enemies,
To uphold the right and to suppress the wrong,
And emulate the mighty Heracles.
Thy blessings shower on us, not thy curse,
O thou who rulest all the universe!

(*Exeunt, with playing of march.*)

The Spring at Eagle Rock*

[This poem was the last one written by Walter, in November, 1903]

A bubbling fountain from the rock doth leap,
From bold faced cliff doth rise a dainty spring,
Which ever to itself doth laugh and sing,
Unmindful of the mass of stone so steep,
Which, towering high above it, guard doth keep.
From Horseshoe Island do the wavelets fling
Themselves upon the shore; but hear the ring
And tinkling; 'tis as if around do peep
Invisible sprites and spirits, airy forms
Upon the brink of some pure fairy lake;
For in a hewn log basin it doth fall,
A tiny, shaded pool, a liquid mirror,
Where silver lights and shadows gleam and quake
From overhanging pines and birches tall.

*A well known Spring in Northern Wisconsin.

APR 20 1904

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 873 194 0